The Ant and the Grasshopper

The Grasshopper, having sang all summer long, found herself wanting when the north wind came: Not a single bit of fly or worm.

She went to her neighbout the Ant to plead hunger, praying for her to lend her some grain in order to survive until the new season. “I will pay you back,” she said to her. “Before Autumn, and with intrest. An insect’s word on that.”

The Ant was not a lender: and that was the least of her faults. “What were you doing during all that hot weather?” she said to this “borrower”.

“Well, don’t be upset, but I sang every day and night.”

“You were singing? That makes me feel a lot better. Well, now you can dance.”